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1924

POETRY OF

COLORADO'S MARVELOUS BEAUTY

WORTH

REWARD

INDUSTRY



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RHYMES OF
COLORADO'S MARVELOUS BEAUTY

BY
NOBLE SEWARD ENDICOTT

PICTURES BY DR. EARL BOYD

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PREFACE

“Oh Creation” How I admire your building—so delicate in construction, yet so massive, under the calm unseen supervision of the master architect, who draws his prints and watches the growth of the work from above, the erection so gentle and kind, the certainty never in doubt as to the final outcome, “To this wonderful and beautiful incentive I devote myself, and bury myself deep in its heart.”

THE AUTHOR.

Creation's Booklets.



I have dreamed for years with open eyes
And longed to look upon creation's para-
dise.

Lo and behold, my wish has been granted.
Oh, fondest dream, "I'm thrilled and en-
chanted,

For in reverence I stand and gaze
On Colorado" with its wonder all ablaze.
To this State is this Book dedicated.



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BEAR CREEK'S MAGIC SONG

Providence, thou hast been kind
To allow mine eyes to feast and dine
Upon the grandest scene ever beheld,
Where nature stalked and marvels
dwelled.
Breath of creation was pure and
sweet
With nature's wonders, all corralled,
On Bear Creek's banks, I, in wonder gazed
Thrilled to the soul and scenic dazed,
My gladdened eye swept beauty un-
surpassed
Where brilliance streamed and blazed.

Fondest soul of a mortal race
Thou hast found this beautiful place;
Commencing just above the timber line
Where panthers tread and wild cats
whine;
From peak to peak the eagles flew
Above the home of the porcupine,
Here Bear Creek curves with rippled shout
Leaping and dashing, like a master
scout,
Wearing the giant boulder's flinty sides,
From its restless waters leap the trout.

Forever, on this scene I could feast;
Watch its silver waters rushing East,
'The dashing, foaming waters being pressed
Against the rockribbed bottom it ca-
ressed,
Tossing up scenes, a thousand years
ago
Pictured upon Bear Creek's silver
breast,
To thrill nature lovers wandering by
With scream of delight and softest
sigh,
From the bosom of its surging soul
Comes forth a stranger, wilder cry.

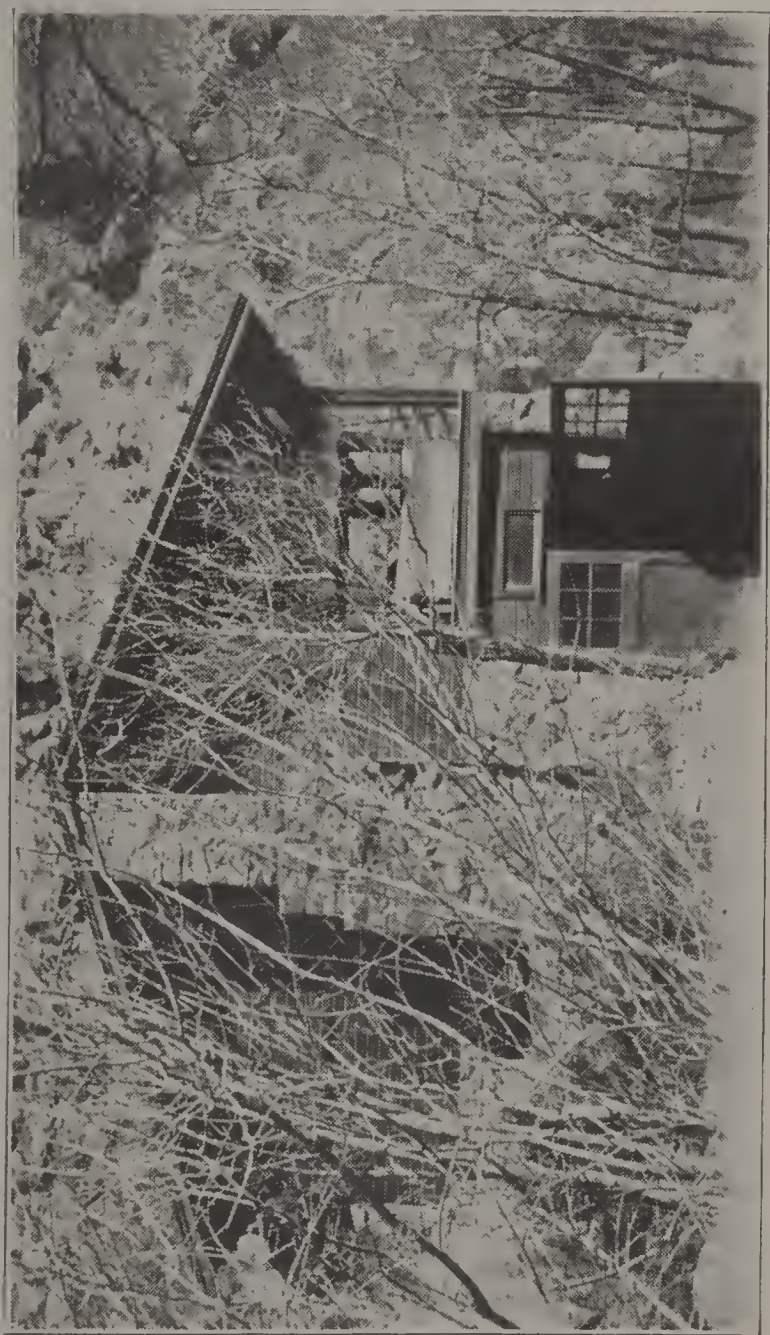
A million fairies then appeared
Mildly sweet, and each endeared,
Oh! these fairies, they were dressed
In a gauzy air of sweet unrest,
With golden slippers and silver beads,
My soul they fondled and caressed;
Then they led me with sunlit hand
Through God's most beautiful land,
Where Bear Creek's waters running
wild
Was more than I could stand.

Tickled by a feather of delight
Mountain art was a magnificent sight,
The fairy queen shook her stately head
Raised her sash of flaming red,
With popped jewel around her throat
Declared to all creation she was wed.
"Come," she said, "Where nature will im-
press
Your heart with burning eagerness,
Where the zephyrs whirl and twist
And sunbeams burst marvelous."

Be still, fond beating heart
'Tis but the fraction of a part,
For I hear the notes of a million flutes
And weird songs of a thousand Utes.
Hundreds of years before white man
came
With his courage fearless and resolute,
From these majestic mountain heights,
Came rushing down, an avalanche of
delight,
The wonders of God fell in splendor
And all creation was in might.

Oh! I am delirious with delight
To view falling shades of night.
The moon drips gold on this stream;
The stars threw their restless gleam
Like golden wire, from heaven to earth;
With a million fairies lined between.
Bear Creek's waters leap with panther
spring,
Its soothing song takes to wing,
On the star's golden stream
I hear its melodies fluttering.

Like a hundred racing queens
Bear Creek's swept by the evergreens,
Above mountains covered by beautiful trees
Dropping sprigs on boulder's barest
knees,
Raising its song high above the cur-
rent
Then the fairies held a hundred
jubilees;
Then with romp and laugh it onward flew
Along the banks cactus flowers grew,
Then it cooed like a new-born babe
Split Starbuck village right in two.



To the banks it closer kept
Curving sharply to the left,
Hit a big rock, leaped high and run away
Like a bunch of lambs in play;
Then made rainbowed gems in the sun,
Chattered just like a popinjay,
Forming a million beads upon its breast
To immortalize love's little nest
Shot their dazzling, bursting rays
Toward beautiful rockcrest.

Curving with grace around the bend
I caught its magic trend,
Like supple youth, never once did halt,
Crystal clear, without flaw or fault,
Leaped over a rock in middle of stream
And turned a double sommersault,
Here it cut many a curious skip and prank
Boasting of places Kit Carson drank,
Who roamed along this historic canon
When scouts were honest, fearless,
frank.

Bounded by beauty in every nook
This magnificent mountain brook,
Rumbled, tumbled, onward with magic
pride
Mountain's summer beauty on each
side,
Where majestic granite stood for ages
As the Indian's friend and guide,
For hundreds of years the redmen rode
While waters foamed and poppies
grewed.
The squaw's little papoose it was born
And God's breath within it was
bestowed.

Bear Creek could tell the ages story
When primitive nature was in its glory,
When the panther's scream could be heard
Roar of king beast strange and weird,
Came to quench their mountain thirst
Gorgeous plumage of the wildest bird
Could have been viewed, watched with glee
Perched on the top of some evergreen
tree,
Listening to Bear Creek's charming
song
A perfect revelation for you and me.

'Twas a perfect heaven for Buffalo Bill,
Loved all its wonders, drank every
thrill;
Bear Creek knows the deeds of this noble
scout
When every red skin was put to rout,
The silent tread of the white man's
steed
By Bear Creek's song was muffled out
Col. Cody was bold as a lion and just as
strong
Grew greater as the years went along,
Bear Creek will, forever, be his early
pal
For he loved its wildest song.

Back through the ages we go
A million years or so,
When earth heaved up these wonders rare
With the greatest art, skill and care;
Creation stands as a mighty sculptor
Erecting these spires so rugged and
bare;
This magnificent structure, without a flaw
Through drifting ages before buck or
squaw,
Masterpiece of art, rocky mountain
range
No living artist can ever hope to draw.

'Twas God's preparation for man
When bestowing breath's living span,
For the waters of heaven sought their level
Over boulders, around cliffs, in di-
shevel.

Fast and furious it rushed over rocks
In melodious song and boundless revel,
Fervent with anxious desire to reach the sea
Raised its song in highest ecstasy,
Echo of its soothing voice can be
heard
By every wild bird in highest tree.

Rumbling along it makes it snappy
Forever singing and always happy,
'Tis the jolliest creek I ever heard run
Making rainbowed stems in the sun,
And in its ceaseless glory
Revels in its lullaby and fun,
Colorado was lucky, dotted with silver
plumes
For Creation's wind blew away its
glooms,
Gave it crystal waters rich and pure
Made it rich with golden rooms.

Wandering down the mountain side
Admiring the sparkling waters glide,
Nature wore its evergreen constant smile
Passing by a cottage, japanize style,
Bear Creek leaned toward the North
Leaped most supple and juvenile
So much more beautiful, I cannot tell,
Cut capers most indescribable,
With lulling voice and easy note
A dream most ineffable.

Tightened its belt, took a stitch
Sped onward like a phantom witch,
For here its channel it grew big
As it acted just like a whirligig,
With fingers all covered with pearls
Two-stepped a boulder and danced a
jig,
Then waltzed away with a shout of joy
And every effort it could employ,
To throw its voice to the sky
Like a happy love-sick boy.

|||||

Bear Creek I shall love you forever
Your song is sweet and clever,
You remind me much of whirling fates
Passing by the home of Mr. Gates
Like a span of dashing grays
No one earth could duplicate,
When all of the speed held in reserve
Was released around the sharpest
curve,
Our chariot of beauty rocked to and
fro
These beautiful fairies had unknown
nerve,

Like some graceful bended arm
Curved itself with easy charm,
No steeple chase could have been hotter
When hounds were faint, began to
totter,
Dying with thirst, tongues hanging out
For Bear Creek was a mountain trotter,
Sometimes it would lope, then it would pace
With the greatest charm and grace,
Break into a dead run for the tape
Oh! Its wonders, any mortal could
embrace.

Creation's art charms to please
Gives balmy sun and bracing breeze,
Tickles to our soul, loves us ever dear
As I do this stream I'm viewing here.
The night bird's song was never
sweeter
When air was bracing and clear;
No lameness was there, in skip, jump, or
hop
Though bank full, it never spilled a
drop.
For millions of years missed not a note
Its melody was never known to stop.

Fairied beauties said to start again
As she tickled me under the chin,
Raised her wings with easy effort and flew
Before our eyes like dancing dew.
In the summer sun's melting splendor
Was charming the wind as it blew.
Bear Creek sang of the wonders it had
passed
Of Colorado's beauty so rich and vast,
When sunbeams kissed the mountain
tip
Fell in silver splinters all amassed.

Another tribe of fairies, they were red
With painted plumes upon their head,
'Twas easy for I to judge their origin
By reddened shawl, beaded moccasin,
With fiery beads around their throat
They politely invited me in
To their wigwam of delight upon the crest
Of Bear Creek's rolling breast,
Where no artist dared to intrude
To paint such a rare reddened chest.

Dressed by creation's tinted flash
With sun's streaming sash,
Around their waist, belt streaming with
pearls
For in backward flight, time it hurls,
Eighteen millions years ago, no moun-
tains
Stood, spake these red fairied girls,
That creation with mighty strength did
upheave
These pyramids of beauty, I do believe,
But behold, mortal man, the rarest view
The charm of it cannot deceive.

Night was born, rest I sought
Dreaming of beauties I had caught,
And beneath a marvelous lit up sky
Perched above the roar, high and dry;
Rested I, but sleep was an afterthought
For was not I soothed by its wild cry,
Lulled into a trance, by nectar quaffed
There I rested, and laughed, and
laughed,
By a delight so thrilling and deep
To nature my crown I doffed and
doffed.

Out of doors, in night's broad expanse
Where night's wonder throws its lance,
And the unseen stillness sends its charm
Its little fingers are soft and warm,
To soothe the thrilling delighted brow
All silly thoughts of pending harm,
Are blown away, by winds through canon's
folds
Where seething waters of Bear Creek
rolls,
Where the fairies of nature ever alert
And weave the thrills which forever
holds.

The fountain of wonder ceaseless pours
Below the heavens, and out of doors,
And covers the mountain's highest peaks
From which these beauties constant
leak,
For nature's children, quaff its draught
And of its grandeur will always speak,
And tramp over its rugged rocky hills;
Love its sun, and dew the night spills.
Its midnight showers of golden light
With its silence God fulfills.

There among midnight's glorious won-
ders
I admired nature, void of blunders;
Mellowed winds carried fairies of new-born
hope
Sifting through time's endless scope
Of grandeur, where rolls this stream
That quenched the thirst of antelope,
Before the redman in amazement ever
viewed
Before whiteman's broad ax ever
hewed,
Before the bow's twang, or the rifle shot
When nature was honest as it was nude.

I imagine and wander dreamily back
Before man ever left prints of track,
Of his aimless wanderings along this bank
The echo of his voice in silence sank,
And rose to the highest peaks above
When refreshed by its water he drank
On this wild scene I cast a wistful eye
Pitch my tent, make my bed and lie,
Where waters roar, where waters whirl
The nakedness of Art is ever by.

Slumber beneath gauzy gilded wings
Dream of nature's gorgeous offerings,
Art's picture, more beautiful than ever
drawn
When night departed, early streaming
dawn,
And bird life, sang to a rising sun
When slumbering beauty awoke with
a yawn,
And stretched its arms across the dewy
peaks
Wiped flower's faces with golden
streaks,
Rainbow colors on the face of the
stream
Dotted fairies with silver on each
cheek.

I dream by night, I dream by day
Of this Art's heaven many miles away,
And while my body in slumber lies
My soul takes to flight and flies
Across the miles of barren plain
To Bear Creek's charming paradise,
That I may view when silence is serene
Wonders of midnight on this stream,
When stars falling float upon its breast
Make precious jewels, red, blue and
green.

Could I forever pitch my tent
So I could enjoy its merriment,
Console my life by its soothing voice
In moonlight silence there rejoice,
Watch its ripples, hear it croon
Nature crowns it king by choice,
For its rushing torrent with mighty roar
Sweeps by many a cottage door,
Until dawnburst silver stream
Steals across the spotless floor.

For have I not in wonder seen
All these fairies dressed in green,
Using as a mirror waters of this creek
Ruffling up the dimples on their cheek
Where nature tossed the scarlet rose
With roguish eyes soft and meek?
Lances from their hearts, painless things,
Bear Creek's bounding waters ever
brings
Along all natures spooning song,
Creations incentive forever sings.

All humans with a grain of sense
Must recognize that Omnipotence
Supervises and rules with mild command
Everything over this glorious land;
And every beauty spot daintily touched
Is the guiding spirit of His hand,
For the blending colors wear His crown
Both red, and green, gold and brown,
Midnight's lilly, so ghostly white
Upon these wonders dare we frown.

Bear Creek, so wild and merry
Enticing as red ripe cherry,
Right where the swiftest current flows
Tige bathed his toes, soused his nose,
Partook of cooling waters clear,
Closed his eyes in a sleepy doze
Where ripples broke and current tossed
Made rings on his tail then were lost,
His kindly eyes like diamonds shone
At times were straight then were
crossed.

Over ruffled surface far beneath
I saw reflection of pearly teeth,
Beneath whirling waters his toes and claws
And his strong determined jaws,
A perfect picture like nature shows
In continuous wonder without a pause ;
Could I have wandered here when a boy
My idle moments I now could employ
Looking at pictures in my brain
Of wonders I beheld in rapturous joy.



Beneath Colorado's brilliant skies
I journey along wonder's paradise,
Where cañon and peaks speak nature's story
Of scenes so rich, so wild and hoary
Remaining yet nuggets of unfound gold
Where the sun bursts forth with glory ;
Its streaming rays reach from heart to hand
Eye to eye, and man to man,
Where kindness is true, calm and happy
Nature squandered art, in this glorious
land.

COLORADO

With beast of burden and toil in store
Of years of labor I bravely bore,
Hied away and flew, from lowlands and
slough,

 To Colorado's happy land,
 Where art was planned
 By God's magic hand.

In every zephyr's whisk I heard a sigh and
Lisp, so pure and crisp,

 Health it could restore
 With medicine it bore,
 As it was before.

Good health is mostly sought
From years of toil and havoc brought,
I had learned before, love cured mortals
bore

 High regard and more,
 When they limp and weak
 Drank from spring and creek,

In Colorado, heard not I, winds with a softer
Sigh, when fairies of health were passing by.

 Within each delicate hand
 Health's magic wand,
 Which mortals are so fond.



For yet a deeper eye should reach
Far beyond the dead seas barren beach,
Where ages were grown, dust of bones
blown,
 Eyes behold and scan
 Erosives ceaseless ban,
 Relics of former man,
Nature's footfall tinkles, in mountain rugged
Wrinkles, wind sifts and sprinkles,
 Sunbeams dazzle fall
 Equal alike to all,
 Around earth's whirling ball.

For these wonders drift through and around
Upon mountain peaks, in cañons can be
found,
Timely years ever shed silver hairs upon
heads.

 I would regret to miss
 The wind's tempting kiss,
 So crisp and bliss,
In Colorado, where amazing splendor, softly
Tender, from May to September,
 With least concern
 Nature's chemists overturn,
 The purple scarlet urn.

And spills, falls, biting wilting frost
Colors the leaves, golden and embossed,
 Amid this scarlet scene
 Of Autumn's empyrean,
 Summer lowers its screen,
Yet dare I not frown or fret, just before
Death it met, I plucked my favorite violet,
With the fire yet ablaze in summer's dying
 days,
 Where Bear Creek overflows
 And icy spray is froze
 I snatched a carmine rose.

I could, henceforth, forever love and trust
Myself to scatter its pollen dust,
On lands rich and low, its heart forever
 blow,
 This mountain rose wild
 A modest nature child
 Was redder when it smiled,
Yes, blow across fields of corn, from sunset
 till
Dawn, and bloom upon some lawn,
 Its seeds fall and lay
 Upon meadows ripe with hay,
 Bloom every summer day.

My memory brings me back along the beaten
Track, years ago lined with schooner and
hack,
Red men counted their dead, some tousled
head,
 By chance overlooked
 No appeal did implore
 When red men wanted gore.
Courage and daring won, they destroyed
red men's
Fun, and journeyed toward the setting sun,
 In Colorado cast their lot
 In God's secluded spot,
 Inborn heroes, we forget thee not.

COLORADO SPRINGS

Mind soothed, scenic wooed, of marvelous
Things around Colorado Springs;

Pike's Peak towering height

A joy and delight,

Doth the ages of time wink and nod in
The Garden of the Gods?

These spires of red

Of time and ages dead

Proud monuments of centuries still lingers
With their bleeding fingers.

Lifted to the sky

Crumbling dust of ages lie

Around their massive base, the clock of time
With ceaseless pendulum ticking ages to
come,

Erosion eating these great columns away
To time, a million years be but a day.

Garden of mountains with budding flowers
I beheld in my leisure hours.

Whence came these domes

Of sky viewed homes?

Raising with grandeur far above the clouds
Rest and quiet above the maddening crowds,

Depth of pitiless sea

Belched forth this beauty,

That we might calmly understand this great
Power, so mighty, yet so grand;

Mountains mad rushing stream

Picturing the evergreen,

Where the fire weed bleeding red the fleeing
Shadows from overhead,

Cast brilliance upon the continental divide
For the weary traveler's guide.



Unless reformation comes, a million years
Hence, this rock ribbed fence,
 With gaping wonders wide,
 Will ever be a continental divide,
And the naked eye will in gladness drink
Its massiveness as a sphinx;
 Time will not molest
 Its granite breast,
The God of grandeur offers this prize as
His gift to paradise.
 He hath more in store
 Never viewed before;
The silent beat of the ocean's heart
Will some day rearrange this chart,
Memoried journey, my eyes and brain ever
Brings before me beauty of Colorado
 Springs.

Thought flutters upon its wings, I hear
The bubbling of these Springs;
 At base of mountain
 From delicious fountain,
I partake of draughts of bubbling joy,
See fairies so modest and so coy,
 How my glory warms
 To these charms,
The air smacked of health's precious wine
To quaff this draught of summer time,
 It was peppy, it was snappy,
 I was downright happy,
For the gallery of the saints contained
No such tinted paints,
Where silver tongue warblers ever sing
The grandeur of Colorado Springs.

Consuming idyllic passion, these flames leap
Up higher by far than Pike's Peak,
 These fiery fangs
 Floating lifeless hangs,
Yet brilliant as though they were asleep,
But lo! When the dark night weeps,
 Stars and dripping dew
 Will present anew,
Quite a different view, flowery kingdom
 comes
And offers its premium,
 Weary soul is embraced
 By starry heavens laced,
Like the song of the lark rekindles the
Flaming spark,
I could never be selfish of that which brings
Me out to Colorado Springs.

I could forever sing and rhyme, of this
Wonderful clime,
 For the air has the punches
 Flowers grow in bunches,
Your gladdened eye and quicker step will
Be loaded down with pep;
 Waters delicious taste
 From a generous vase,
Its sparkling silver beads to the road of
Health it leads,
 In sun and shade
 Wonders parade,
Over mountain and everglade, I cannot
 chide
When wisdom is my guide,
When the airy fairies the bell of beauty
 rings
I am going back to Colorado Springs.



DREAM OF FAIRYLAND

Could I but sleep in a hammock swung,
And hear every tune sweet nature sung,
When night is dark and stars are bright,
Hear angel bells which might be rung,
Drifting through mist with mellow tone,
No greater pleasure would I care to own.

Swinging beneath limbs of a great big tree
Where the leaves could shout with me,
Of a thousand wonders unknown to us
I could drift along to sweet eternity,
Where breezes whirl and the sunlights mist
Where life is pleasant and most superb,
And bewitching wonders embrace and kiss.

Could I but hang by a silken thread
When the sun is sinking and sky is red,
From earth to heaven, and be dangling down
When night approaches and day is dead,
Swing around the throne when angels come
Beckon me to tell them where I'm from,
Plead with them to not sever this golden
thread
For the clock of time I was a pendulum.

MY HEART'S DESIRE

Oh nature! Make me your chum that I
can wander and roam
Among your secret recesses where I can
build me a home,
So I can nestle close and your friend
forever be
Then I can enjoy your confidence in calm
reality.

The mountain peaks you have erected for
towards the sky
On these domes of beauty I have long cast
a wistful eye,
Reaching towards the heavens where the
angels dwell in peace,
And upon spirit life they have an everlast-
ing lease.

Then, dear nature, I would love to live
and hide,
Along the mighty ocean's banks where its
lashing tide
Of waves break and leap across its own
furrowed gaps
Burst with a mighty crash into scalloped
silver caps.

Then again I would be content to linger
a little while
Among the flowers you dress up in such
simple style,
And color up the leaves with such a
delicious red
As the cheeks of the sweetest bride when
ready to be wed.

With the luster of her love burning within
her beaming eyes
Brilliant as heaven's stars which light
radiant skies,
When the moon with a golden blush seals
eternal right,
To blaze the wilderness upon the dark and
gloomy night.

Oh that I could drift along in the breezes
soft and low,
And watch you when you coax the beautiful
flowers into glow,
Discover the secret process by which you
make the berries ripe
An place upon the apples the lovely red-
dened stripe.

It seems as though I could never, never,
age or tire,
If you would bequeath to me my life's
greatest desire,
Or could I ever be again unworthy, or I
might add, mean,
Could I behold your secret when you make
things green.

Or when you pull out of the knuckled
boughs, buds of spring
Which burst into flowers and perfume
flutters on the wing,
And the daisies are scattered with such a
gentle hand
And the flower-bedecked woods appear as
if by command.

Then you caress the clover until it is red
as a rose,
With violets strewn through the woods
in such calm repose,
Open up their soul with such ease and
gentle grace,
An the whole earth has the wonder of your
power across its face.

WHERE MY FANCY WANDERS

Every sunny day some merry roguish fay
Steals my heart and runs away,
 Whispering in my ear
 Audible and clear,
"To hie away so far towards the Western
Star, where fairies waiting are."
 Floating above the arc
 From dawn till dark,
Blue, brown, taunting eyes, sparkle with
Surprise, in Colorado's sunny paradise.

To admit the simple truth, I'm filled with
Burning youth, when I see their cozy booth.
 Limply drifting there
 In the bracing air,
Hung aloft, pinned to the breeze, among the
Swaying trees, with such gracious ease,
 By a million eyes
 I'm mesmerized,
I'm bewildered and bewitched, to fairies
 reigns
I'm hitched, in Colorado I'm enriched.

Drugged with balmy spice quite pleasant and
So nice, not once but thrice,
 Oh! I long for more
 Of Bear Creek's shore,
Its throbbing ripples shook, a thrill for
This brook, as the greatest rushing brook,
 Melted snows by sun
 No greater ever run,
Here, man's solace can be found, rich, rare,
And sound, where Colorado's wonders
 abound.

My mind has daily wandered, serious have I
Pondered, about this beauty squandered,
 The barren plain
 For centuries lain,
With no one to love it, except great God
Above it, no one selfish, enough to covet,
 Beauty most appeals
 To mountains, cañons and fields,
Colorado has both, and perfume, from
 flowers
All in bloom, lures me back quite soon.

A WOODLAND DREAM

In the woodlands dense
There is no offence,
But innocence supreme.
To God 'tis but a child
Just resting wild,
In a peaceful dream.

In every scalloped leaf,
There is no sign of grief,
But joy reigns instead.
God to us has sent
This palace of contentment
Dropped from overhead.

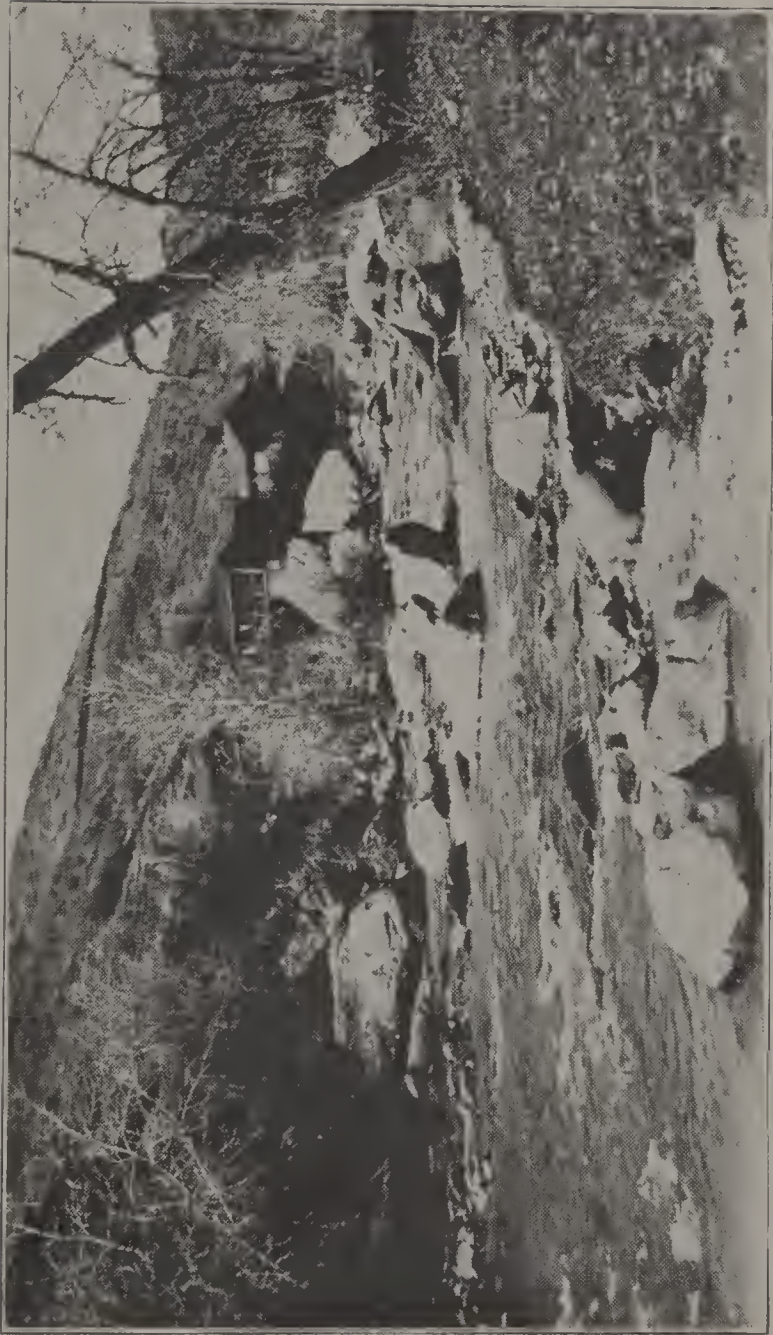
Its never ending song
Carries us along,
And ecstasy is complete
For violets dipped in blue
For others as well as you,
So delicate and so sweet.

Woodbine flowers
Blooming for hours,
Above the daisies' heads,
With pennyroil wafted thru,
Smells of the dew,
In sunkissed beds.

BOULDER CAÑON

Pictures will forever grace and dwell
In treasure galleries of my brain,
Of grand scenes which rose and fell,
Where bygone ages had dormant lain.
Lo! These millions of years
Each year has more beautiful grown
By snows and midnight's moisted tears,
Pollen dust of wild flowers blown;
Across these peaks and cañons deep
The romping winds strew these seeds
The summer's sun coaxed those asleep
To awake, on a land of glorious deeds,
By glorious men with courage rare
Crisp with daring as mountain air.

Great boulders hung over our head,
Boulder Creek dashed by our side,
Great beauty calmed our dread,
Where the ages had lived and died.
Monuments of evergreen waving bough
Above the waters rushing clear
Shaded creation's ever tinted brow,
Upon the tomb of age's crumbling bier,
Could be viewed upon the granite side
Though great age with skill and care
With all of its magic could not hide,
The erosive dust here and there,
Which were falling as a gentle hint
That, time softens the hardest flint.



Creation loitered there wild with glee
Threw its magic spear far beyond
In Boulder Creek's unlimited energy,
Awakening spirits of which I am fond,
For as I ride beneath these spires
I behold the art, the touch, the tint
Which lovers of nude nature admire,
Creation's massive blow made this dint;
Left this canon, where crystal waters drain
Boulder Creek's waters pitch and leap
From the mountain snows and the rain,
Formed during winter in massive heap,
The farther up this creek we went
Rare formations were more magnificent.

Thrills of charming wonder then arose
Melted in the dazzle of our eyes
For the jeweled splendor ever throws,
Its silver lance from the skies,
Breaking in a million splintered forms
Scattered around lie as silver strewn,
The avalanche of beauty comes in storms,
From these granite sides smoothly hewn,
The great broad ax of time with ease
Polished these granite hearts and drew
And made crevices for the wild bees,
Yet, if not suitable, destroyed and threw
All beneath ocean's depth, drew a chart
Of different design, of better art.

Colorado beauties are wonders to behold
These silver streams abound with bass
Many nuggets remain of unfound gold,
Hidden by the secrets of peak and pass,
Ever present border days, vivid and grand
Spirits of old-time mountain scouts
Phantom in form, kind'r make you under-
stand,

These memoried apparitions brings it out,
Inheriting it from the dashing stream
And the mountain's calm, fearless eye
Standing majestic, in creation's esteem,
God looks down unseen, from the sky,
Throwing beauties from heaven to grow
Making the world grander for us below.

Behold Boulder Creek make silver foam
Throw its spray against the rising sun
Would entice stay-at-homes to roam
Where miles of scenic gauze is spun,
Where Boulder Creek's trotting for the sea
Cooling wind from the great divide
Is filled with calmness and ecstasy,
With waltzing swing soothingly wide,
Its breath sinks deep within my breast
Making of me a mountain tramp an rover
If I were idle, with these beauties rest,
I'd walk, this canon up and down and over,
Bathe myself in its beautiful fountains
Have an understanding with these moun-
tains.

THE OLE LOG KITCHEN

When the tea kettle sang its most soothin'
song
Sayin, "The corn bred wud be done before
long,
An the cabbage that was bilin in the pot
Smellin better than any flower er forget-
me-not,
It did be jing, in that are ole log kitchen
in days of yore
An there wasn't a sign of any linolem on
the flore.

An mother dear was jes busy as busy
cud be
Fixin up the coffey and fixin up the tea,
An the flavor of it pourin out of the spout
Was enuf, I reckon, to make a feller jes
step about,
An ma makin meat biskits out o sausage
an puttin em in the pan
Wud make out o' eny kid the biggest kind
of a man.

I hav et in festiv halls, piled high gud
things to eat
An sparklin wine, they sed cudent be beat,
An laces an silks, an dimonds an other
julery
'That war a flashin, was awful pretty to see
But my mother's ole log kitchen bak in
days o' yore
Beat em all, an there wasn't a sign o'
linolem on the flore.

An mother, bless her, I allays did love to
admire
Tendin to this, and that, and pokin up the
fire,
She jes knew how to fix it up, an her aprons
were so neat
Jes to sit an watch her, was to me the
greatest treat,
In that are ole log kitchin bak in days of
yore
An there wasn't a sign o' any linolem on
the flore.



UNALTERABLE DESTINY

Destiny, better far that we not know
The tides of fate which ebb and flow,
When blooming flowers and drifting snow,
Are caught and drift with winds of time,
Of heaven's virtues above secret crime
Could I of mortals' goodness ever rhyme,
Until my last breath, Oh! let me sing,
Of the summer's soul, and budding spring.

Dare we know the fates lying in store
Or distress lurking so near our door,
Trust the fates to God for evermore,
A wreath of love placed upon your head
The lovelight of heaven will be shed
For hath not the Lord plainly said,
Great is he who has the faith to pray,
Will be blessed upon the judgement day.

Intuition lingers around and sometimes tell
Fates have their virtues just as well,
Great riches and fairies with you may dwell,
All bitterness of past will be cast aside
Golden chariots appear in which you may
ride,
Drawn by the steeds of life's flowing tide,
Beyond fate's and desolation's cruel sting,
Then ceaseless time will stop its torturing.

THE HONEY BEE

The Honey Bee has ceased to be a rover,
For the frost has covered all over
The honeyed heart of his sweet clover ;
So this energetic, busy little body
Can sip the soul of his honey toddy,
While the winter winds twist and shift
He can enjoy the results of his thrift,
While the wind piles snow upon the drift.

The honeysuckle he caressed and kissed
Will not, in the least, be lost or missed,
For in summer he was a busy monopolist,
For the soul of summer is still alive
Stored within the combs of his hive,
And during the winter's icy hours
The essence of the summer sweet flowers
This busy little body honey toddy devours.

For the winter winds he has no concern
No fires within his home need ever burn,
Hovering around clover passed up the fern
This busy body so shrewd and so smart
Garnered the buckwheat blossom's heart,
In his winter home summer fragrance comes
When he sips from the blossoms of the
plums,
This busy little body takes his toddy as he
hums.




CHARMING THRILLS

Glorious Nature, lead me by the hand
To secret nooks that I may stand,
And view the wonders so richly rare,
Thou hast guarded with jealous care
Revealing your secret in balmy June
When earth is drenched with perfume,
And beautiful flowers in scarlet dress
Are scattered through the wilderness.

Nature, lead me where the daisies grow
Sun's rays mingled with breezes blow
Over the mountains and the ravines
Amid the wonders of gorgeous scenes,
Among the boulders and the cliffs
Quaff all nature's gentle whiffs
Where the richness will most impress
The magnificence of its ruggedness.

Where great boulders hang by a thread
And sighing of the wind creates dread,
Bathe my soul with scene so pure
By breathing of its quiet rapture
That I may to my fellow man relate
The grandeur of your hidden estate,
Many times I hope to wander here
Where your presence is wild and clear.



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